

How welcome o'er the sea that night
The gleams of the harbor light:
A star that trembled on the foam
With beams of love and dreams of home.
The bells rang o'er the toiling bars—
The white sails dipped beneath the stars;
But fainter than all stars of night
The harbor light—the harbor light!

"O sailors singing in the stars!
A merry challenge to the spars!
O captain, at whose glad command
Our brave ship leans toward the land!
Within far vine-clad coasts of white
Love leans the sea-bells in the night;
Swift as a seagull's be our flight
Toward the light—the harbor light!"

And swift we sped from storm and gloom
To smiling shores of light and bloom;
The sorrow of the voyage past
Sung in the joy of home at last!
Hence where the ships in shelter rest:
Hence where the light—the love is best;
O'er the plunging seas of night
Love's blessing in the harbor light!

O ships that in the darkness roam,
Swept along the harbor bells of home;
Through far the shore—the voyage long,
The dark will drift to morning song.
The bells ring o'er the toiling bars—
The sails bend sure beneath the stars;
Still—sell the distant shores we sight
And sail the light—the harbor light!

Margaret's Adventure.

Margaret was bored to death.
After three happy years at Gorton, and a fourth, almost as pleasant, spent in earning her own living, it seemed a little hard that she should have to spend a month's holiday with an aunt unaccustomed to the point of antagonism. An aunt, too, who had outlived the few friends and interests she had ever had, who lived in the middle of the most bleak, flat and uninteresting country. Margaret had never seen her. After the first two days she grew very tired of it. There was not a soul to speak to in the place, and her aunt gave her to understand, on the very night of her arrival, that nothing was allowed to interfere with the strict outline of her life at Willow cottage, and that she should not see her niece more than once a day.

All human companionship was evidently denied her, but she was not quite alone in the world. There was still her bicycle, and although she had



"I AM SORRY THIS IS THE LAST."

riding alone, and felt perfectly certain that the roads were as bad as the scenery was hideous, she dragged it out of the coal cellar in which her aunt had ordered it to be buried.

But on the third ride, the monotony was unpleasantly broken by a large puncture in the back tire; ten miles from home, in a perfectly unknown road, not a soul in sight, and with the certain knowledge that she had left the repairing outfit at home!

There was nothing to do but to plod wearily on till she came to somebody or something, and she had tramped at least two miles of the dusty road before help came in sight.

It was not a very promising looking place. A small one-story wooden building with a wheel hung over the door and a placard over the gate: "Bicycle repairs promptly executed."

The man went on with his task without raising his head. Margaret was anxious to notice that he was much less pliable to talk to her than she was to talk to him. "Could you tell me any pretty rides about here?" she said desperately. "I've nothing to do but ride—and I am so tired of all these horrid bleak roads. I should like a pretty ride, just for once."

He stopped for a minute and thought. "There is a little old village about ten miles from the crossroads," he said, "which might be called interesting and, with a stretch of imagination, even pretty. Some big man, who was a friend of Hampden's, was buried there. I believe, and there is an old church with a square tower."

"Which is the best way to get to it?" she asked. "and what is the name of it?"

"It is called Merflet, but I hardly know how to explain the way. Perhaps I could show you on the map."

He went across the room, took his tourist's map from a shelf of books in the corner, and gave it to her.

She spread it open on her knee, foreseeing that he would be obliged to kneel beside her to explain. Then the young man saw that she intended to condescend to friendliness, and he told himself that there was no reason for him to remember that he was a young man in a shop and that the situation was certainly a pleasant one for him. In vain he pointed out the right way, over and over again—she only shook her head sadly.

"It's no use," she sighed. "I am afraid you will think me terribly stupid, but I never could understand either maps or railway guides. I am afraid I shall have to give it up."

Then the bicycle mender looked up. Margaret smiled. "I don't care if I am forward," she said to herself. "Somebody must improve our acquaintance—and he certainly won't."

But at her smile he grew suddenly bolder. "Do you always ride alone?" he asked.

Margaret sighed. "I have no one else



JULIET V. STRAUSS.

with its fads and its foolishness, to conditions and the complete demolition of that characterizes new countries before the thing called society gets a footing.

Sometimes, in a country neighborhood or quiet street in town, one comes across a home in which there is absolutely no social ambition; a placid sort of stability seems to govern the establishment, there is an abundance of good things to eat and comfortable things to wear. The inmates of the home are deeply affectionate to one another and filled with kindly interest in the welfare of the neighbors. They are not ardent church people or club people, but somehow their fire burns clearer, their coffee smells better, there is a sort of radiant cheer about their kitchen. The men sit in the kitchen while the women get breakfast, and they pop corn and crack hickory nuts around the fire in winter evenings. There is a tone in their voices as they address each other that would ring the heart of a homeless man to hear.

When I have visited a home like this I have come away humbled at the realization of the superiority of common-sense people over those whose lives are warped by petty ambitions and silly striving, how simply they have adjusted themselves to the secret of existence! Kindness, bodily comfort, simple acceptance of life's mysteries, love of daily labor, satisfaction in the quiet accomplishment of manifest duties, without aspirations to seemingly "higher" things. When will the blinded world see things aright, and why has God given some people the knowledge that He has denied to so many?—Juliet V. Strauss, in Chicago Journal.

to ride with." She hated herself for saying it, and waited for his response, knowing that if it was what she feared she had only herself to blame, and yet half hoping that her fears would be justified.

There was only one thing for him to say, and he said it, almost certain of a rebuff, yet feeling that if she gave it she had certainly not played fair.

"I wish you would let me show you the way," he said, and Margaret gasped. She turned over the leaves of Omar's Khayyam nervously, and for a minute she did not answer. The book opened at the fiftieth, and half unconsciously she read the name of the owner, Miles Leighton, E. Col. Magd. Ah, she had known all the time that he was a gentleman. Why, her brother Dick was at Magdalen; most likely he had known him—it was as good as an introduction. She would go. What did it matter about the bicycle business? No doubt he had the very best reasons for keeping a shop. The young man was watching her anxiously—waiting for the indignant refusal which must come.

"It is very kind of you," she said sweetly. "I shall like to very much. It will be a pleasant change to have a companion."

The bicycle man's face was burning by this time, and when she spoke he could hardly believe his hot ears. Then, somehow, the face of the situation changed. They forgot the bicycles, and everything else they did not wish to remember, and talked of the many things they had in common—he as an Oxford man, she as a Gorton girl.

He knew her brother quite well, he said, and after they had arranged the details of their ride to Merflet Margaret went home, her mind in a whirl.

"I ought to be much more ashamed of myself than I am," she said wonderingly. "I must really be a much less proper person than I thought. At any rate, whatever else I may be, I shall be bored no more."

The ride to Merflet seemed very short. On the return journey the bicycles, as if of their own accord, went more and more slowly. Yet the way seemed shorter than before.

The bicycle man had remembered another pretty village. Why should they not ride over to see it some day—say, to-morrow? Why not, indeed.

They did. A deeply incompetent young man was left in charge of the shop, whose owner thus lost many customers and some expenses. But, as he said, one can earn money all the year around—and if one can't earn it, one can always do without it. But there are some things one cannot possibly do without.

When you have ridden for two whole afternoons with a young man, why should you not ride for a third? And a fourth and a fifth?

During the rest of Margaret's stay the two rode together every day. And now the last day had come, and they were resting by the roadside, looking out through the gap in the hedge at the hideous country.

"It doesn't seem so hideous now," she said. "I suppose one has got used to it."

He was silent. Margaret felt, in a sudden flash of illumination, that he was silent because for him, as for her, the world had changed so much in these two weeks.

And now she was going away. And this, the pleasantest companionship her life had ever known, was to end here. He sat beside her, silent, pulling dusty leaves from the hedge and twisting them in his hands. Margaret knew that he would not speak. How could he? A man who—Magdalen notwithstanding—kept a bicycle shop.

And if she lost him now, he might see someone else—she might lose him forever.

"I'm going away to-morrow," she said abruptly, and her voice was hard and cold. "We've had some nice rides, haven't we? But it's all over—and, anyway, I think the weather's going. Those clouds look like rain."

"Going away?" he said—still not looking at her. He realized now, as he had not done before, what these two weeks had been to him, and he looked

I have come to the conclusion, not a very original one, perhaps, that the keynote of our existence is common sense, and that the reason why so many like are "like sweet bells jangled out of tune" is that there is never enough of this invaluable commodity to go around.

Common sense consists chiefly in going ahead and minding one's business, not to the entire exclusion of the neighbors or the disregard of society, but keeping in view the fact that one's own family and household is the important thing to him. There are very few of us who can do more for the world than behave ourselves and bring up a respectable family. Come to think of it, this is a good deal, and more than many people accomplish.

Of all things utterly devoid of common sense, that which we call society is most so. There is no telling just how far contrary to common sense this element will go if allowed to take its own road, and all for the reason that common sense people, being gifted with that most lovable quality, reticence, will sit back and let it go on the serious detriment of moral conditions.

Love is not an emotion; it is not in itself a passion. It is a principle, a law of life and service which bears fruit in emotion, which becomes a dominant passion. It consists not in the way we feel toward others, but in the relation we determine on maintaining toward them. It is not a matter of your sentiment for men, but of your service for them.

The love that blindly follows the emotions and the passions may be so essentially selfish as to sweep one on to degradation; the love that definitely, perhaps in apparent coldness, determines upon the service of others, the gift of the life to others, lifts the soul to the fact and the heart to the likeness of the Most High.

This love is self-giving. The great Teacher could call on men to love one another, even as he loved them, because the one great and significant fact of his love was that he was ever under the moral and spiritual impulse of the conviction that he was giving his life to the world. There remain to us no emotional love phrases from his lips; there remains the picture of love in action, going about over doing good.

Out of the principle of love, the adoption of this philosophy which regards life as one grand opportunity to be of service, regards every other being as an opportunity to help or cheer, grows the real joy of living, springs emotions divine and heaven born. You cannot love in this way without becoming lovely.

Eyes of love transfigure all the creation. Only the selfish become cynical. It is the creed, the philosophy of getting and gaining, that makes the world seem empty, cheerless, a tomb of blasted ambitions. But to those who seek the good of others, the flowers of joy and human faith, all things that are good abound more and more.

Love is born of faith; it is the child of hope. It gives whatever we have to humanity in the faith that it is worth while. It sows the seed of kindness, gentleness, courage, aspiration, in faith that the seed will bear fruit to the future; it scatters pearls of wisdom, believing that men are better than swine. And out of faith in men, hope for them, and service and self-giving to them, rise the satisfying emotions of life.

Love becomes a passion. Where is there greater enthusiasm, stronger evidence of compelling motives and dominating impulses, than in those men and women who have tasted of the joy of serving their fellows, giving their lives in lowly or in lofty ways that their lives might be the richer? There is more eternal power and sublime poetry in the giving of one cup of cold water in the name and spirit of the Master of Love than in all the love sonnets ever written.

The true and full self is found only through love's service. Never is the mother nobler than when love leads to the lowliest service. Never do we find the glory of life until we are willing to embrace its shame. If only our loved ones, our kin or friends, our race or world, may be enriched and saved. The secret of making the most of yourself lies in this divine principle of love; the secret of saving the world lies here.

We need not wait for the mighty impulse of some great affection, some overpowering emotion. We need not wait for the hour in which we may do some great, world attracting deed. Love gives itself to that which lies nearest; its service never waits for opportunity. The least thing done in this spirit of self-giving unlocks the door of love's joys and blessings and makes us partners with the Lord of Love and Life.

IN MEMORY OF ALMIGHTY.
By Rev. Dr. Falk Vidaver.
In everlasting remembrance shall the righteous be held.—Psalms xl, 6.

Man lives not only in the present, but also in the past. The days of his childhood belong to him even though his hair has turned gray and his eyes are closed. Heaven has endowed man with the faculty of memory, which is a striking intimation, a foreshadow of immortality. It enables him to behold scenes long vanished, forms that for years have ceased to be corporeal, to hear sweet voices long hushed in death.

The world has a memory wherein it treasures up the lives and deeds of great men and women who have been its lights and ornaments. The world has a memory for those who proclaim freedom to the oppressed, for its scholars and poets, for its philanthropists and benefactors. The memory of such persons shines forth brightly like stars of the first magnitude forever.

Every individual has a memory, and in it lives a vast number of dear forms. They emerge from far distant isles. They start up from heaps of ruins which once were cities. They rise from battlefields, from the bottom of the sea. In every family circle and beneath every domestic roof there are invisible forms the stranger cannot see, yet are present to the mind's eye of the household. The dear father and kind mother never cease to live in the heart and soul of their survivors.

Since the Almighty has blessed man with this faculty to raise the dead and to recall the goodness and righteousness of his departed ones, is it not reasonable to believe that He will preserve these good souls and retain them in His remembrance forever, as it is said,

No old maid ever lived long enough to admit she was.

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Table Fork Aged 600 Years.
The six hundredth anniversary of the invention of the table fork, which was used by King John IV., Duke of Bretagne, to eat fruit with in 1807, will be celebrated in sundry parts of the world. In Paris several banquets will be given in commemoration of the event.

Some people have a way of saying "You're welcome," that makes one wish he had not started anything by saying, "Thank you."

Every man is a great baby if he can find the right one to cry to.

Popular Pulpit

THE GREATEST OF THESE.

By Henry F. Cope.

And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.—I. Cor. xiii, 13.

A man's character is the best commentary on his philosophy. If you remember that the one who rises to the sublime heights of this song of love was not a singer of sweet, sentimental ditties, but a great, impetuous soul, who through years of perilous toil spent himself in service for humanity, you begin to see what he meant by love.

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"In everlasting remembrance shall the righteous be held."

Comparatively few live in the great world's memory and have their names engraved in marble and iron or written down on parchment. Yet we all may find consolation in the fact that we are not perishable. For "in everlasting remembrance shall the righteous be held." Every good and righteous man or woman whose life is exemplary, devoted to goodness and holiness, will be held in everlasting remembrance—will live in the memory of Him whose existence endureth forever.

Therefore, it doesn't matter if the world does not know us or hear of us, it matters not if everybody else forgets us if we are remembered by the Almighty.

To live in His memory is to live in peace, in joy and delight forever. The world may grow old, languish and die, nevertheless the righteous will live and flourish in God's everlasting remembrance.

POLITICS TEST CHARACTER.
By Rev. Frank Newhall White.

The dependable man! There is room and demand for him in politics. What is there about political life that seems to strike promising lives with a sudden blight? What peculiar pressure has it that reveals the false workmanship and produces the hideous crack in character? Is the fault in politics or is it in the men themselves that go into politics? What should there be in politics to work this havoc in human character? Nothing, surely, in the nature of the case. Politics represents public service.

The trouble is not with politics; it is with the men that have made it a by-word. Oh, for dependable men, men of character, men to whom public office is a public trust, men to whom politics is a divine calling!

One is guilty, surely, of no offensive partnership when he calls attention to a great fact in our own national life. There is no denying the hold of Mr. Roosevelt upon the popular heart of the American nation. Each new emergency that arises strengthens that hold and that popularity.

DRAWN PARALLEL OF WOMEN.
By Rev. William B. Leach.

Vashti was a woman pure, true and simple. She would not be exhibited for show at the behest of wine or fashion. There are women to-day who use most of their living for show, at ball and opera, and then too often in immodesty.

Too many of our woman reformers and club advisers say position first, position first, position first. Now, Esther is the tool of a certain good man, Mordecai. If a woman is a tool to a man I like the man to be good. A great purpose is behind her every move.

Talk of sacrifice. Our churches, our great reforms are carried on the weak shoulders of woman. These women who are in the temperance and missionary and aid society of the church are the Esther, the Vashti who glorify womanhood and cast around it the halo of the Son of God.

MOURN DECADENCY OF FAITH.
By Rev. E. W. Millar.

Dr. Campbell Morgan, the author of "The New Theology," could have rendered no better service to man than to outline the change that is going on in the religious world. He points out the transition from the old to the new and gives us a better conception of God, of Christ, of sin and salvation than the old theology conceived of.

He calls attention to the wonderful change that has taken place since the days our fathers listened patiently to the doctrines of foreordination, of the total depravity of man and all that cast-iron religion, as of fate, in which the souls of men were held from the cradle to the grave and on unto the endless darkness of the future. Then he affirms that God is the Father of all and that he dwells in every soul and the quickness with which man turns toward truth and right are the response of a loving God to his own.

TERMS SOME PASTORS JONAH.
By Rev. A. E. Bartlett.

The story of Jonah has more fiction than fact in it, but that should not lessen its spiritual value. The book of Jonah has long been the enigma of the Old Testament, but from the many grotesque, absurd notions that are heard we must believe most people have spent very little time studying it. For its size this book is the most beautiful, the most tender of all the books of the Old Testament. The great lesson is concerning the wideness of God's mercy. There are some Jonahs occupying pulpits who take unto themselves the keys of heaven and ordain themselves to render God's judgments for all eternity.

Short Meter Sermons.
Kindness is the sign of divine kinship.

The fortune of all is founded on faith in one another.

You cannot knit the souls of men with soft sawder.

Your credit in heaven depends on earth's debts to you.

To attempt a great work is to become a great worker.

The practice of happiness does much for the power of holiness.

Living in itself is the great lesson in making a life.

There is no profit in the friendship that knows no investment of the self.

No man ever found this world a weary place who had a worthy work to do.

It's no use talking about the religion in your heart if it is not visible in your home.

Life is to be measured not by its rewards in things, but by its reach and vision.

When the pulpit sees no good in any one the pew is not likely to seek the good anywhere.

Six of Them Have Fortunes Aggregating Quarter of a Billion.
Six widows of the United States have an aggregate wealth of more than a quarter of a billion dollars. William Henry Smith, who died the other day in Japan, left an estate estimated at \$70,000,000. Hottel Green does not talk about her fortune, but it has been placed at from \$50,000,000 to \$80,000,000. Mrs. Russell Sage came into \$85,000,000, but she has given away \$15,000,000 in less than a year. There is Mrs. Anna Weightman Walker, who is worth \$60,000,000. Mrs. Marshall Field is comfortable on \$15,000,000, and Mrs. Marshall Field, Jr., has \$5,000,000. Her wealth is not so great in itself, but her sons will come into, perhaps, \$50,000,000 when they are of age. All this wealth has not accumulated by the husbands of the women; as a matter of fact, in but two instances were the husbands money makers, and they were Russell Sage and Marshall Field.

Hetty Green inherited about \$12,000,000 from her father, and she has spent all her life trying to see how high she could pile up the pyramid of golden coins. When she is not engaged in fighting lawyers, Mrs. Green spends her time in buying substantial securities and clipping coupons. When she dies the fortune will go to her son, Edward Green, a railroad builder and politician in Texas, and her daughter, Sylvia, who is unmarried.

Mrs. Russell Sage's greatest gift was \$10,000,000 for improving the condition of the poor. She has announced that in the distribution of the Sage millions there will be no indiscriminate giving. Mrs. Walker is primarily a business woman and spends most of her time keeping track of her investments. Her wealth came from her father, William Weightman of Philadelphia.

Perhaps the greatest of all recent estates was that of Marshall Field, the Chicago merchant, who died worth more than \$100,000,000. Provision for his grandchildren, who will, in time, inherit the bulk of the estate, and the important educational and charitable bequests left a comparatively small sum for the widow, Mrs. Marshall Field, Jr., is training her sons to care for the millions that will be theirs.

PLAYING THE HORSES.
How a \$10,000 Bank Roll Won \$250,000 a Year for Eight Years.

That the professional gambler has the best of the game is proved every time an investigation lets in the light of truth. But the recent revelations made by District Attorney Jerome of New York are simply astounding in their exposure of how the pool room proprietors fleece the people who think they can beat the horse-racing game. The other day his agents raided a pool room at 112 Fulton street and were fortunate enough to secure possession of a neatly kept set of books which make astounding revelations. The books contain a complete record of the pool room transactions for several years past. They show that, in January, 1899, a "bank roll" of \$5,000 was made up. Every day of the month the transactions are summed up in columns of winnings and losses. The books show, after all expenses including "protection" money had been paid, a profit of \$10,033.75. In May there was another "whack-up" of profits amounting to \$14,271. Then the "bank roll" was increased to \$10,000. From that time, May, 1899, the bank roll was never drawn upon in any single month and for eight years the winnings have averaged \$250,000 a year or \$2,000,000 during the eight years. The books

EVEN IF DISCOURAGED

TRY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR YOUR RHEUMATISM.

The Pills Have Cured the Disease in Almost Every Form and Even in Advanced Stages.

Rheumatism is a painful inflammation of the muscles or of the coverings of the joints and is sometimes accompanied by swelling. The pain is sharp and shooting and does not confine itself to any one part of the body, but after settling in one joint or muscle for a time, leaves it and passes on to another. The most dangerous tendency of the disease is to attack the heart. External applications may give relief from pain for a time but the disease cannot be cured until the blood is purified. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best medicine for this purpose as their action is directly on the blood, making it rich, red and healthy. When the blood is pure there can be no rheumatism.

Mrs. Ellen A. Russell, of South Goff St., Auburn, Me., says: "I had been sick for fifteen years from impure blood, brought on by overwork. My heart was weak and my hands colorless. I was troubled with indigestion and vomiting spells, which came on every few months. I had no appetite and used to have awful fainting spells, falling down when at my work. I frequently felt numb all over. My head ached continually for five years."

"About two years ago I began to feel rheumatism in my joints, which became so lame I could hardly walk. My joints were swollen and pained me terribly. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were recommended to me by a friend, after I had failed to get well from the doctor's treatment. When I began taking the pills, the rheumatism was at its worst. I had taken only a few boxes, when the headaches stopped and not long afterward I felt the pain in my joints becoming less and less, until there was none at all. The stiffness was gone and I have never had any return of the rheumatism."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured such diseases as nervous and general debility, indigestion, nervous headache, neuralgia and even partial paralysis and locomotor ataxia. As a tonic for the blood and nerves they are unequalled. The pamphlet on "Diseases of the Blood," and a copy of our booklet "How to Get Well," will be sent free on request to anyone interested.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The well-known reputation and increasing popularity of the Lewis' "Single Binder," straight razor, is due to the maintained high quality and reputation of the smelter, Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Illinois.

Save to from Our Friends.

"Doubly bought a horse the other day."

"Yes, and he was horribly stuck, wasn't he?"

"Oh, you've seen the horse then?"

"No, but he told me he was going to buy one from a friend who is in the business."

"Philadelphia Press."

Take Garfield Tea in the Spring—it will save you many days of headache, lassitude and general ill health. This natural laxative purifies the blood, cleanses the system and establishes a normal action of liver, kidneys and bowels. It is made wholly of herbs.

Tools.

Sig. Pshukhs, the gifted tragedian, stood outside the waiting at the newspaper office, scowling daily.

"I'm not sure I understand you," said the man at the table inside. "Do you wish to look over our files?"

"No, sir," he answered, in a rasping voice. "I don't care to look at your files. But if I can have the satisfaction, for a few moments, sir, of seeing the man who whips your theatrical hammer I'll start a little repair shop of my own."

Wrecked Frame of Mind.

"Caroline, aren't you ever going to join the church?"

"Of course I am, Aunt Rachel, some day. But you ought to know better than to ask me to do it when I'm right in the midst of this datted house cleaning."

Worth millions became paupers in those three days. In the days that followed 250,000 people left the city and practically all that remained were compelled to live on the bounty of a generous nation.

The Recovery.

In spite of the incubus of a corrupt municipal administration, the City of the Golden Gate is rapidly rearing its shape. Great blocks of brick, concrete and stone are springing up in what a few short months ago was a desolate waste, among which stood thousands of ruined walls, marking the sites of once proud business structures. Fifty thousand men are busy rebuilding the city, and when the work is done and the last deep scar left by the hurricane of fire is removed, San Francisco will be a greater, richer and better city than ever before. The buildings that are going up in nearly every case are better than those the fire swept away. The old city was constructed of wood, even in a great part of the business section. In all the down town districts now dreeproof materials must be used in buildings.

With feverish energy the work is progressing. On many structures two shifts working eight hours both are employed, and from 8 in the morning until midnight the sound of hammer and saw and the steady grind of concrete mixers can be heard. Within a radius of five blocks from the corner of Kearny and Market streets there are in process of construction or rehabilitation 140 dreeproof buildings. Between June 1, 1906, and April 1, 1907, permits were issued for the erection of 841 dreeproof and semi-dreeproof buildings. Already the steel skeletons of Telegraph and Russian hills are covered thickly with wooden residences, while the downtown streets are lined with business structures.

Conservative estimates show that more than \$100,000,000 has been spent in reconstruction since the fire. This amount would have been greatly increased but for the difficulty of getting building materials. The railway blockade which caused trouble throughout the country was felt with triple force in San Francisco. The complete reconstruction of manufacturing plants as well as the vast stores of goods and building materials kept in stock here left the rebuilding of the city at the mercy of the transportation companies.

About 50,000 men have been employed in reconstruction work and the number is steadily growing. These men have received an average of \$3.50 a day each, which brings the total paid to labor alone nearly to the \$40,000,000 mark. The remarkable wages secured by skilled mechanics have served to increase enormously the cost of reconstruction, but they have drawn toilers from all parts of the country and so hastened the progress of reconstruction. It is estimated that at least \$50,000,000 has been spent in building materials.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve the most distressing cases of Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Dropsy, Catarrh, Stricture, etc. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Constipation, Pain in the Back, Stiffness in the Limbs, etc. Sold everywhere. Price 25 cents per box. Small box 10 cents.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve the most distressing cases of Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Dropsy, Catarrh, Stricture, etc. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Constipation, Pain in the Back, Stiffness in the Limbs, etc. Sold everywhere. Price 25 cents per box. Small box 10 cents.

regulate the bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Help the Horse

No article is more useful about the stable than Mica Axle Grease. It keeps the axles from the splines before you "shoe" up—it will help the shoe, and bring the load home quicker.

MICA AXLE GREASE

where sold—better than any other grease. It is made of a hard, smooth, surface of powdered mica, which reduces friction. It is sold in the form of a stick, and is used by rubbing it on the axle.

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'FRISCO RISES AGAIN.

TWO-THIRDS REBUILT ON FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF DISASTER.

Over \$100,000,000 Expended in Reconstruction and 50,000 Workmen Are Now Busy—Stricken City's Amazing Recovery.

San Francisco correspondence: With a consciousness of a duty well performed in rehabilitating her destroyed commercial section San Francisco has celebrated the first anniversary of her cataclysm. One year ago saw the most awful experience that ever befell an American city, when earthquake and fire wrought their terrible ruin. To-day public utilities are again in operation adequate to the needs of the city; nearly two-thirds of the area of four square miles which at sunset April 20, 1906, was a scene of blackened brick heaps and twisted metal framework has been rebuilt and new structures are still going up at a rapid rate. Hence it was appropriate that the principal commercial body of the city should assemble at the banquet table at the Fairmount Hotel the other evening, with governors and mayors of other States and cities as their guests, and celebrate the recovery with joyous speech and song. How different the scene from the windows of the Fairmount Hotel about one year ago and now.

Two thousand six hundred acres of buildings, a large part in the very heart of the business section, had been swept away. Five hundred and fourteen city blocks had become a mass of smoking ruins. Nothing was left of the wholesale and retail districts except that here and there big steel frame buildings stood, scorched but firm, among the piles of bricks. Nearly 60 miles of streets were impassable, blocked by fallen walls, twisted wires and iron trolley poles. Pavements and sidewalks were ruined by the intense heat. Two hundred thousand people were homeless. Food supplies were gone, clothing was gone, bedding was gone. For nearly half the people nothing was left but bare hands and stout hearts. The property loss amounted to a thousand millions. Men

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CHICAGO FAMILY POISONED.

Father and Mother Die and Others Deafly Poisoned.

Deadly poison administered by a person with intent to annihilate an entire family has already filled two Chicago graves. Three attempts within three weeks were made, two of them while police were on the case. This is the terrible fate of the Mette family, bounded by a mysterious, daring twentieth century adept, who baffled the police and coroner's forces. Food—the home prepared food of the Mette family—eaten unsuspectingly and with all confidence, has been the medium of the murders and attempted murders.

Last March 30, the entire family, consisting of Frank Mette, his wife, daughter and three sons, was stricken after eating fruit cake made by Mrs. Mette. Mrs. Mette died. It looked suspicious to the attending physician, and the police were called in. Arsenic was found in the flour. The only other woman in the household, the daughter, Mrs. Mary Sladek, whose husband had just left her after a quarrel, and who was said to have twice attempted suicide recently, was closely questioned, but nothing developed.

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Crawford Avalanche.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, MAY 2

Local and Neighboring News.

Take Notice.

The date following your address on this paper shows to what time your subscription is paid. Our terms are one dollar per year IN ADVANCE. If your time is up, please renew promptly. A X following your name means we want your money.

All advertisements, communications, correspondence, etc., must reach us by Tuesday noon, and can not be considered later.

Dairy butter South Side Market.

Fishing Tackle at Fournier's.

Get your supper at the church May 10th.

Highest market price paid for hides BRADLEY & SPRAGUE.

A guaranteed gold watch given away absolutely free at Hathaway's.

Don't forget the supper in the church May 10.

Given free, a solution to the butter question at South Side Market.

Look up our subscription offers, and arrange for your next years reading at once.

Base Ball Goods at Fournier's.

For sewing machines, the best in the market, and at the lowest price, call at the AVALANCHE office.

Every good is wasted by someone, somewhere, sometime. Sorenson sells Patton's Sun Proof Paints.

James Ballard came up from Tawas Tuesday, and is shaking hands with old friends here.

Read Hathaway's ad, then hunt up your old jewelry or bring in your watch or clock to be repaired.

The Christian Endeavor society will give a 15 cent supper in the basement of the Presbyterian church, May 10.

If you are interested in fences read the new ad of Salling Hanson Co. in this issue. Prices will be right.

We represent one of the largest good tailoring houses in the country. GRAYLING MERCANTILE CO.

Buy Fishing Tackle at Fournier's.

Stop and see the gold watch in Hathaway's window to be given away free. Optical work credited on watch cost.

All kinds of Ladies' garments cleaned and pressed over Kraus & Son Dry Goods Store.

MIKE BRENNER, Prop.

The new spring and summer styles in "Queen Quality" low shoes will delight every woman who appreciates the beautiful in dress.

GRAYLING MERCANTILE CO.

The Dr. Woodworth office started for Hadley's addition yesterday, where Floyd Kirk will convert it into a dwelling.

If you want old papers for your pantry shelves, or to put under carpets, come and get them, we save exchanges especially for you.

To our advance paid subscribers we will send the New York Tribune Farmer for 50 cents. Regular price \$1.00 and worth five to any progressive farmer.

Fishing Tackle, fresh and new at Fournier's.

FOR SALE—A good house in good repair, near the flooring mill, for sale for less than it would cost to build it. PAUL MILLER.

No deposit required—you pay for your suit only when you get it. GRAYLING MERCANTILE CO.

The Council of Grayling has decided to reduce the number of saloons in that village to six and increase the tax to \$1000.00 and the bonds to \$6000.

If you want a Diner Set absolutely free, call at the store of Salling, Hanson and Company.

R. Hanson went to Louisiana last week to assist Judge Sharpe in straightening out the titles to the lands of the Grayling Lumber Co.

If you are hard to fit and are in need of a spring and summer suit call and look our sample books over. GRAYLING MERCANTILE CO.

LOST—Monday, on the street between Kraus & Son's store and Dr. Inley's office, a five dollar bill. The finder will please return to this office or to Mrs. A. Balhoff.

The Grange will give a box social at the residence of G. W. Brott, in Beaver Creek, Friday evening, May 10th. There will be entertainment and fun for everybody and their friends.

J. Q. Palmer of Frederic, brought us a piece of curly maple that surpasses anything we ever saw in the character of the grain. It would finish beautifully.

W. L. Douglas shoes for men in every shape and leather in both Oxford and high shoes. GRAYLING MERCANTILE CO.

Congressman Lund delighted an appreciative audience at the opera house last Thursday evening with his illustrated lecture on the Panama Canal. It was full of instructive interest.

Mrs. Laura E. Moon received 1st premium on best 10 ears of corn, and Perry Ostrander 3rd premium, State Grange corn contest for best bushel, 10 best ears and least single ear.

Victor Halling and family are welcomed back to their cozy home in this village.

FOR SALE—Two good work horses, also harness and two good wagons. Inquire of P. LARSON.

Seven new members were received by the W. R. C. at their regular meeting, last Saturday.

A. E. Hendrickson has sold his house on the south side of the river, built by John Clark, to Charles Turner.

It is worth your while to look over our line of Oxfords for street, house and dress wear.

GRAYLING MERCANTILE CO.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—Livestock and Feed Barn in Bay City, Mich. H. S. Lewis, Sta. A., Bay City, May 2-3t

Miss Stafreid and Miss Hatch are now prepared to do all kinds of plain sewing, shirt waists, etc. in center of second block, south of G. A. R. hall, next door to Mrs. Hill's. May 2-1t

Base Ball Goods for Men and Boys at Fournier's.

Scores of strangers were in the village Tuesday night, to be ready for the first trout yesterday morning and many had gone out to the streams to be "Jonny on the spot" at midnight.

T. E. Douglas and family have moved to Lovell for the summer. They will be missed by friends here, but we presume it will be more convenient for his business at the mill.

The Ladies' Union of the Presbyterian church will hold their regular business meeting at the home of Mrs. Pillemer, Friday, May 3, at 2 o'clock. All members urged to be present.

MARRIED—At the residence of the bride's mother in this village, April 30 Cora May Ballard and Frank S. Burgess. Rev. L. Pillemer officiating. The festivities of the occasion were enlivened by the presence of the Grayling Orchestra.

We are now ready to receive all work that you have in cleaning and pressing. Look up your clothes, may be they need cleaning or pressing. Don't forget the place, up over Kraus' Dry Goods Store.

M. BRENNER, Prop.

There are several changes in the saloons of the village. Hanson has closed the Burgess place. Foreman takes the Rasmussen place on the corner, and John Larson his place on Cedar street. E. Sorenson the Central hotel and Pearsol moves into McLeod's place.

Fred Sleight of Johannesburg was in town over Sunday, having returned here Saturday night from Jackson, where he had been to attend the funeral of his father, who died last Thursday at the age of 84 years. Mrs. Sleight was here with the children during his absence, visiting at father Havens'.

Mr. Grogan, who put the "hole in the ground" over 1900 feet last year, when his drills seemed determined to follow a drift in the rock, off to one side, has pulled the piping and is moving the derrick about thirty feet north where he will start again. It takes a lot of grit, but he is built that way, as well as the promoter.

Comrad R. McElroy has a photo of an old comrad who slept under the same blanket with him for awhile in the "Hell of Andersonville" in '64. It is the picture of Charles Baker of the 16th Ill. Cav., now, if living, a resident of California. It shows a living skeleton only, at the time of his exchange.

Business began all over town last Monday, if it was cloudy and cold. The sheriff was trimming trees in the court house yard. Street Commissioner Robinson was looking up defective walks, and needed street cleaning and lumber was being drawn to begin a number of new buildings.

Statistics prepared by the immigration board at San Francisco are said to show that according to the claims of all the Chinese who swore that they are native-born every Chinese woman in this country must have been the mother of 38 children. The Chinese stork seems to have been kept pretty busy.

Rev. Samuel P. Todd of Bay City, field representative of Alma College, was in town last week in the interests of that institution. He reports the success of an effort to completely endow the college to the extent of a half million dollars. Andrew Carnegie has recently given them twenty-five thousand dollars. Miss Katherine Bates of this city is a student in Alma College and two or three others have expressed an intention of entering next year.

Lewis Jennings went after ducks a few days ago on School Section lake. When he fired he thought he had mistaken a male for his gun for it kicked him into the water, and his river boat went bottom side up so he had to paddle to shore as best he might. It took over half an hour, and he thinks the water was colder than the ice which had covered it. He was nearly all in when he reached the home of Mr. Niederer, after getting warm and dry seemed all right.

White running ahead of a steam log loader in Cummer and Diggins lumber camp near Cadillac, Joseph C. Thomas fell under the wheels and was so badly crushed that he died. Thomas was an Indian and his home was in Mt. Pleasant. He was a member of Cadillac lodge of Foresters. This man is known here as a frequent visitor, and was convicted as a drunk a short time ago in Justice court.

Proceedings of the Common Council.

[OFFICIAL.]

Grayling, April 29, 1907.

Special meeting of the Common Council convened at the Court House. J. F. Hum, President in the chair. Present Trustees Comine, Amidon, Fournier and Clark. Absent, Trustees Kraus, and Petersen.

Meeting called to order by the President.

Minutes of the preceding meeting read and approved.

Moved and supported, that the liquor bond of Christopher Hanson with the sureties therein named for \$3000.00 be approved. Motion carried.

Moved and supported, that the liquor bond of John Benson with the sureties therein named for \$3000.00 be approved. Motion carried.

Moved and supported, that the liquor bond of Amos Pearsall, with the sureties therein named for \$3000.00 be approved. Motion carried.

Moved and supported, that the liquor bond of James C. Foreman, with the sureties therein named for \$3000.00 be approved. Motion carried.

Moved and supported, that the liquor bond of W. Fischer with the sureties therein named for \$3000.00 be approved. Motion carried.

Moved and supported, that the liquor bond of Joseph C. Burton with the sureties therein named for \$3000.00 be approved. Motion carried.

Moved and supported, that the liquor bond of Edward H. Sorenson, with the sureties therein named for \$3000.00 be approved. Motion carried.

Moved and supported, that the liquor bond of Thomas Nolan, as village marshal, with John Evert and Christopher Hanson, as sureties for \$2000.00 be accepted and filed. Motion carried.

Moved and supported, that the drugist bond of Lucien Fournier with the sureties therein named for \$2000.00 be approved. Motion carried.

Moved and supported, that C. W. Amidon be appointed president pro tem for the ensuing year. Motion carried.

Moved and supported, that the council adjourn. Motion prevailed.

H. P. OLSON, Village Clerk.

The Best in the World.

Dr. J. W. Hamilton, of San Francisco, writes: "I have sold Warner's White Wine of War for years. It is the best remedy I ever saw." For sale at Central Drug Store.

Experience Social

At the Presbyterian Church, May 10th at 7:30 P. M.

Will you by talk or work or play, Make just one dollar for that day? If so, come on, don't mind the weather And tell how you and the dollar got together.

To the one whose tale is most unique, We will give to them an extra treat. You surely would like to help that way. Miss "Grundy" you will gladly greet, And award you a pleasure you rarely meet.

The 30th of this month is the day most sacred of all to the veterans of the civil war. Arrangements are being made by the Marvin Post G. A. R., the W. R. C. and Ladies of the G. A. R., for a fitting observance of the day, the program for which will be published as soon as completed. All Civic Societies and all citizens are invited to participate, and honor the memory of the noble dead who freely gave their lives for the land they loved, and to maintain the supremacy of the old flag.

At the closing of the Grange Corn contest held in Grand Rapids, Dec. last, Crawford Grange won out, with two cash premiums, 2nd to Elmer Ostrander \$5 and 3rd to P. Ostrander \$1.00. The State Grange has discontinued the contest, which will be conducted by the Michigan Corn Breeders Association, the premiums to consist largely of improved farming implements. We believe had the farmers taken hold of the matter last spring a first premium could have been secured for Crawford Co.

Sportmen and Fishermen are notified that the undersigned is fully equipped to furnish them transportation to all points on the rivers or lakes in this section during the season. Good rigs, safe and competent drivers and right prices. Call at the livery barn or address. GEORGE LANGEVIN.

Probably the best bred colt in the state of Michigan, is now in this village, the property of Dr. C. F. Underhill, who bred and raised his dam, Maybelle, now owned by C. Cline of Buffalo, N. Y., one of the wealthy horse men of America. The colt is named Motor Letar, is three years of this spring, sired by Idoleter, owned by and kept in the stable of the Emperor of Germany, and holding a record of 2:07 as a three year old. His sire was The Abbott, who holds the world's record of 2:02, without a shield, in a square harness trot. Motor Letar is on the way to his first school, being entirely unbroken, except to lead. He exhibits unusual intelligence, is a beauty, blood-bay, and the Dr. says must reach 2:00 even, or be reduced to the ranks as a gentle man's driver.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank the many kind friends and neighbors for the sympathy extended us during our late and bereavement, the illness and death of our wife and mother. We also desire to return many thanks to the schoolmates, Epworth League, and others for the many beautiful floral offerings. George Soucie and family.



Just Paint with

PATTON'S PAINT

We will Guarantee it to wear 5 years.

DO IT NOW!

Sorenson's Furniture Store.



USE

SLEEPY EYE FLOUR

Superior to any other Brand.

CONNINE & CO.

The Boom Continues!

Lots sold on monthly payments.

Brink's Addition on the South side had more dwelling houses built on in the past two years than any other two additions in the village of Grayling.

Don't Pay Rent! Get Yourself a Home!

TERMS TO SUIT PURCHASER.

W. F. BRINK.

An Elegant 15 Jewel Guaranteed

GOLD WATCH

given away absolutely free!

To the person receiving the largest number of votes in this contest.

For each 25 cents purchase you will be given a ticket; \$1.00 four tickets etc., to be credited to yourself or friend. Each ticket entitles you to one vote.

As soon as a certain number of tickets have been disposed of, the one having the highest number of votes will receive the watch Absolutely Free. A committee will report highest vote each week.

NOW is the time to buy that watch or clock, chain, ring, bracelet, or silverware.

Bring in your repair work and help yourself or friend to get the watch. You have been intending to have your eyes fitted, DO IT NOW.

C. J. HATHAWAY,

Graduate Optician, Watchmaker and Jeweler.



A Bargain

FOR OUR

Subscribers

The New Idea Woman's Magazine

AND

The Crawford Avalanche

Both, One Year for Only \$1.50

The New Idea Woman's Magazine contains over 100 pages each month of fashions, dressmaking, needlework and household helps.

Each number is beautifully illustrated and contains nine full-page fashion plates, some in color.

These two publications furnish reading for every member of the household.

BOYS

Confirmation Suits.

Our spring line of Boys Suits surpasses anything we have ever before shown. A large variety in the latest patterns and colors. - We wish to call every Boys' Mothers attention to our new suits. Every suit has an extra pair of pants and cap of same material. It is a common fact, that a boy will wear out at least two pair of pants to one coat. The extra pair of pants will cost you no more than a regular two-piece suit.

The line is now complete, and the earlier you come the better the selection.



The Queen Quality Oxfords for women are here. In matter of dress it is instinctive in women to demand variety and newness. That the Queen Quality makers have caught the secret of appealing to this feminine instinct the tremendous and constantly increasing popularity of the Queen Quality Shoe most certainly proves. No other ready-made shoe can give you the precise beautiful fit you get in Queen Quality.

Summer Clothes for Men.

It may seem a little early to stock up on your Summer Clothes but a week, or even two or three weeks earlier, not only gives you a chance of being better fitted, but also gives you a large selection of materials.

Our intire line is now in, including Suits, Top-Coats: Shoes, and Oxfords, Dress-Shirts and Negligee Shirts, Neckwear and Hats and Caps.



Grayling Mercantile Co.,

Drugs.

Patent Medicines.

Central Drug Store

N. R. OLSON PROPRIETOR
"The Best Drugs."

"Fishing Tackles

Thats fit for

FISHING"

We have the best of everything that the Fishermen need.

Bring us your Family Receipts. Prescription Work a Specialty

Candy. J. A. MORRISON, Manager. Cigar

Fire Insurance

Cheap Freight Rates to all Western Points.

ROLLA W. BRINK, Agent

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

Lenox Chocolates

We have just added a full line of Lenox High Grade Chocolates, to our stock of candies. Every package is guaranteed to conform with the requirements of the pure food law. TRY THEM.

FOURNIER'S DRUG STORE,

LUCIEN FOURNIER, Proprietor.

Buy the Harrison Wagon.

The Best on Wheels.
For Sale and fully warranted by O. Palmer.

The Little Blind God and Golf

By Ralph Henry Barbour

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"Do you mean to say?" she asked, scathingly, "that you deceived me away out here to propose to me?" "I've been trying to do it ever since we left the club house," he answered, ruefully.

She laughed. "Jack, what a miserable time you've been having! I suppose it explains your playing, which is—well, even worse than usual!"

"Well, if all you want in a husband is a fellow who can go around in 74," he replied, crossly, "you'd better marry Brown."

She half-closed her eyes, perked her head and studied the toe of her shoe.

"Do you really think so, Jack?" she murmured. "I've been thinking of it, but—his so stout, and gets so red in the face, that—I don't know."

Jack bowed glared at her angrily. "Has that little fat idiot been making love to you?" he demanded.

She glared up in simulated surprise. "What? Why, Jack, he's the best player here!"

"Has he?"

"Well—really, you're very impertinent."

"Miss Grace?"

"No, no, no," she answered, slowly.

He grinned. "Hands as though you wish I had."

"In a way, yes, yes," she said, seen.

Of course one can't be angry at Jack, though the fact has no harm in seeming so sometimes; he had such a nasty temper and was so—so unreasonable! But he was nice, too, in fact quite the dearest fellow in the world; and handsome. She looked approvingly at his long, lithe figure, at the dark hair that was almost black, at the broad shoulders and muscular arms from which the sleeves were rolled away, and sighed. It was too bad he was such a duffer at golf, though of course she didn't care about that so much as she pretended to; Jack was so lovely to tease! And besides, it wasn't really his fault. He worked hard five days in the week, and one really couldn't keep up his game doing that. And it was nice of him to come up to Riverport every week-end; he cared lots more for yachting than for golf, and would much rather spend his Saturdays and Sundays on the sound than be sure, if it wasn't for her, she really ought to be nice to him; he deserved it, only—Oh, dear, it was such fun to tease him.

"Shall we start back?" she asked. His frowns vanished at sight of her smile. "You haven't answered me yet," he reminded.

"Answered you—what?" she asked, looking away.

"Whether you'll marry me."

"Jack," she said, despairingly, "how many times is this?"

"Four."

"Only four! It seems as though you'd been proposing to me ever since I knew you and that's six years!"

"And I'm going to keep on proposing," he said, doggedly. "You refused three times, to-day you're going to say 'Yes, aren't you?' he begged.

She made no answer for a moment, but looked thoughtfully down at the sun-flecked river at the foot of the green slope upon which they sat.

"Your proposals are so dreadfully matter of fact," she said, presently. Her tone sounded aggrieved.

"But you know I love you, Grace," he said, earnestly. "You surely haven't any doubt of that. I dare say I'm pretty much of a duffer at making love, just as I am at playing golf, but—but—Oh, hang it all, dear, I'd do anything in the world for you!"

"I wonder if you would?" she asked, musingly.

"Try me, then."

She shook her head doubtfully. "If I set you a very, very difficult task, just like the princesses in the old fairy tales used to do, and told you that if you performed it I would marry you, would you do it?"

"I'd make a stab at it," he answered, grimly.

"But if it was—was—oh, almost impossible?"

"If you said it had to be done before you'd marry me, yes. It couldn't be much harder than waiting."

Her eyes dropped, and a little blush spread over her cheeks. "I'll take you at your word," she said, hurriedly. "Help me up, Jack."

He obeyed, and waited while she shook her white skirt. She pointed to the bag which they shared between them, and turned toward the tree. He followed, looking at her questioningly. She was smiling gaily; a trifle cruelly, too, he thought.

"Well," he asked.

"Well, coming out I beat, didn't I? Now we'll start over, Jack, and play in."

"Well?" he asked again, beginning to look worried.

"If you win, Jack, I'll marry you; if you lose, you're not to propose to me again—for a year, at least."

"You mean it?" he asked, gravely.

"Of course. You said you'd do anything to win me. What—what are you doing?"

"Getting ready." He had taken off his stock, and was stuffing it into the pocket of the bag. "That thing bothers me. I haven't a ghost of a show, I suppose, but I'd try a harder thing than this for the same stake, Grace. It's your honor."

She hadn't expected him to agree, for the result was a foregone conclusion, and she looked a bit dazed for an instant. Then she stooped over the tee, took her club, and made her first poor drive of the day, sending the ball into the long grass a hundred yards away.

THE OTHER GIRL

A Study in Jealousy.
By GEORGE WEYMOUTH.

It was the annual festival of the Art Students' league, given to raise funds for the purchase of prizes for the coming students' exhibition. Lillian was there—and Lillian was lonely. She was shy, with her sweet country ways and although she adored art, and was an ideal student, not yet was she able to throw aside her reserve and mingle with the gay, careless students on terms of fellowship.

To-night Lillian was more than lonely. She was a little sad. She would not have acknowledged it for the world—not even to her own shy heart—but she had expected to see Mercier at the festival. Perhaps that was the real reason that had caused her to brave the throng and submit herself to the laughing custody of her aunt and come in fancy dress to this fantastic and giddy throng—to see Mercier.

And now the night was half gone, and she had not seen him. He was not there or he surely would have sought her out.

Suddenly Lillian's heart ceased to beat. A numbness crept over her, and she gazed with unbelieving eyes at the couple just now passing her.

Was that Mercier? It was Mercier's manly form; it was Mercier's strong, eager, and laughing face, the beauty of which not even the harlequin's garb could disguise.

It must be some man who looked like him. It could not be Mercier, for this man was with another girl—a roguish beauty with laughing eyes. She was clad in the black gown and the white collar and cap of a sister of mercy—this other girl. And Mercier—the man that looked like Mercier—was holding her right hand in his and his left arm clasped her waist.

He was gazing into her eyes fondly. Lillian rested her chin on her hand and gazed at them in a puzzled, pensive way. She had recovered from her first panic. It was not Mercier, of course, else he would have been at her own side and not at the side of the other girl. It was strange how another man could resemble Mercier so much.

"You cannot refuse, Paula. You must not say no. Such a love is not to be cast aside lightly. It only comes once in a lifetime."

That was what she heard the man say to the laughing girl at his side. And it was Mercier's voice. She could doubt no longer. The tender tones were not to be mistaken.

Perhaps Lillian only sighed. Perhaps she uttered a little cry.

"Let us go home. I am so tired," she said to her aunt a minute later, and the woman looked at the girl's white face, from which all the joy of life had fled, and wondered what had happened.

The next day he came, as he had promised to come. They told her he was in the drawing room.

She dried the tears from her eyes and roused her cheeks so that the faithless man could not know that she had passed a sleepless night and slowly descended the stairs.

"Lillian," he cried and came toward her with outstretched hands.

"Did you bring that drawing for my inspection?" she asked, coldly, as he sank into a chair, ignoring his gesture, refusing to meet his eyes.

"Yes," he said turning away. "I brought the drawing, but I have not been able to finish it. I have been so busy. I have had a love affair on my hands."

He laughed nervously, and Lillian bit her pale lips to keep from crying.

"O, a love affair?" she managed to say at last.

"Yes—Walter's life and Agatha have quarreled. You saw her last night."

"Perhaps," she said, wearily. What did she care about Walter's love affair? Walter was Mercier's friend. They lived together. But what did she care even for Mercier's friend, now? What did she care for anything?

"The girl in black—the one I was with," he explained. "I made her promise to see him to-day. And as soon as I could leave her I came back to find you and you were gone. You don't know how deserted the place seemed without you, Lillian."

He looked at her with tender reproach, and for the first time she stole a glance at him. She could read nothing but truth and devotion in his eyes. A great happiness surged through her whole being. She understood now.

A great happiness surged through her whole being. She understood now. "I didn't know but what you might have been a little jealous," he said teasingly.

"O, no, I was not jealous," she said. "The idea of my being jealous!" She laughed happily.

"I had hoped that you were—a little bit," he said gravely.

"Perhaps I was a little hurt," she admitted, softly.

"Because, you know that I love you, little girl," he went on. "And if you don't care for me, if—"

He came over and knelt beside her and caught one of her hands between both of his—"If you could love me, Lillian, I would be the happiest man in the world."

She said nothing, but she looked at him, and her eyes were full of glad surrender. He slowly drew her face toward him.

"I was horribly jealous," she confessed, with her face hidden on his shoulder. "I could have murdered that other girl, I believe, and my heart was broken, and I was wicked, and—O—I am so happy!"

He read her guilt.

The green in one, and Grace did it, her ball bringing up just on the border. Jack took a long time over that stroke, and then, despite his preparations, sent his ball straight against the high bank, from whence it rolled down into the gravel. She thought he swore, and when she caught sight of his face she forgave him. Somehow his look of utter dejection drove all the pleasure from her prospective victory.

"Jack," she said, "I'm sorry."

He laughed mirthlessly as he picked up the bag. "So'm I," he muttered.

She left him at the bunker, and went on to the green. She could not possibly hole out in less than two, and so, if he reached the green in the next stroke, there was still a chance for him. She was glad. His head was just visible beyond the bunker. A lofter swung and the ball shot up over the bunker and came plumping down almost dead at the edge of the green, in line with the hole. He was peering over the top of the bank, but she knew he could not see the ball. With a gasp she leaped for an instant over the cup, and then, speeding across to where his ball lay, she sank down red of face and breathless on the grass. When he came around the corner of the bunker she flourished her club.

"In!" she cried.

"What do you mean?" he asked, his face lighting up.

"It went in," she said, steadily.

He stared at her a moment in bewilderment, and then rushed to the hole. Her hand crept under her skirts and moved swiftly to the pocket of her waist. He came toward her, radiant and triumphant.

"Do you want to hole out?" he asked, his voice a tremble.

She shook her head dolefully.

"What's the use? You've won, Jack. Help me up, please."

He obeyed.

Presently, as they moved silently to the club house, he said: "Look here, Grace, I'm—I'm sorry I beat you. Of course, if it hadn't been for that piece of sheer luck I'd never have done it. If you say so, we'll call it off and—"

—and forgot about—"

Suddenly he halted and stared at the ball in his hand. "Why, this isn't mine, Grace! Mine was a new ball!" He turned in bewilderment. She felt the blood rushing into her cheeks.

"Perhaps it—perhaps you found some one else's somewhere," she murmured, trying to meet his eyes, and failing miserably.

He read her guilt, and his heart gave a great leap of joy. "Grace!" he cried, accusingly, joyfully.

"What?" she whispered.

"This is my old ball. You—you—"

She moved toward her impulsively. He looked up in confusion and uncertainty. "Well, that's not legal!"

THE OTHER GIRL

A Study in Jealousy.

By GEORGE WEYMOUTH.

It was the annual festival of the Art Students' league, given to raise funds for the purchase of prizes for the coming students' exhibition. Lillian was there—and Lillian was lonely. She was shy, with her sweet country ways and although she adored art, and was an ideal student, not yet was she able to throw aside her reserve and mingle with the gay, careless students on terms of fellowship.

To-night Lillian was more than lonely. She was a little sad. She would not have acknowledged it for the world—not even to her own shy heart—but she had expected to see Mercier at the festival. Perhaps that was the real reason that had caused her to brave the throng and submit herself to the laughing custody of her aunt and come in fancy dress to this fantastic and giddy throng—to see Mercier.

And now the night was half gone, and she had not seen him. He was not there or he surely would have sought her out.

Suddenly Lillian's heart ceased to beat. A numbness crept over her, and she gazed with unbelieving eyes at the couple just now passing her.

Was that Mercier? It was Mercier's manly form; it was Mercier's strong, eager, and laughing face, the beauty of which not even the harlequin's garb could disguise.

It must be some man who looked like him. It could not be Mercier, for this man was with another girl—a roguish beauty with laughing eyes. She was clad in the black gown and the white collar and cap of a sister of mercy—this other girl. And Mercier—the man that looked like Mercier—was holding her right hand in his and his left arm clasped her waist.

He was gazing into her eyes fondly. Lillian rested her chin on her hand and gazed at them in a puzzled, pensive way. She had recovered from her first panic. It was not Mercier, of course, else he would have been at her own side and not at the side of the other girl. It was strange how another man could resemble Mercier so much.

"You cannot refuse, Paula. You must not say no. Such a love is not to be cast aside lightly. It only comes once in a lifetime."

That was what she heard the man say to the laughing girl at his side. And it was Mercier's voice. She could doubt no longer. The tender tones were not to be mistaken.

Perhaps Lillian only sighed. Perhaps she uttered a little cry.

"Let us go home. I am so tired," she said to her aunt a minute later, and the woman looked at the girl's white face, from which all the joy of life had fled, and wondered what had happened.

The next day he came, as he had promised to come. They told her he was in the drawing room.

She dried the tears from her eyes and roused her cheeks so that the faithless man could not know that she had passed a sleepless night and slowly descended the stairs.

"Lillian," he cried and came toward her with outstretched hands.

"Did you bring that drawing for my inspection?" she asked, coldly, as he sank into a chair, ignoring his gesture, refusing to meet his eyes.

"Yes," he said turning away. "I brought the drawing, but I have not been able to finish it. I have been so busy. I have had a love affair on my hands."

He laughed nervously, and Lillian bit her pale lips to keep from crying.

"O, a love affair?" she managed to say at last.

"Yes—Walter's life and Agatha have quarreled. You saw her last night."

"Perhaps," she said, wearily. What did she care about Walter's love affair? Walter was Mercier's friend. They lived together. But what did she care even for Mercier's friend, now? What did she care for anything?

"The girl in black—the one I was with," he explained. "I made her promise to see him to-day. And as soon as I could leave her I came back to find you and you were gone. You don't know how deserted the place seemed without you, Lillian."

He looked at her with tender reproach, and for the first time she stole a glance at him. She could read nothing but truth and devotion in his eyes. A great happiness surged through her whole being. She understood now.

A great happiness surged through her whole being. She understood now. "I didn't know but what you might have been a little jealous," he said teasingly.

"O, no, I was not jealous," she said. "The idea of my being jealous!" She laughed happily.

"I had hoped that you were—a little bit," he said gravely.

"Perhaps I was a little hurt," she admitted, softly.

"Because, you know that I love you, little girl," he went on. "And if you don't care for me, if—"

He came over and knelt beside her and caught one of her hands between both of his—"If you could love me, Lillian, I would be the happiest man in the world."

She said nothing, but she looked at him, and her eyes were full of glad surrender. He slowly drew her face toward him.

"I was horribly jealous," she confessed, with her face hidden on his shoulder. "I could have murdered that other girl, I believe, and my heart was broken, and I was wicked, and—O—I am so happy!"

He read her guilt.

The green in one, and Grace did it, her ball bringing up just on the border. Jack took a long time over that stroke, and then, despite his preparations, sent his ball straight against the high bank, from whence it rolled down into the gravel. She thought he swore, and when she caught sight of his face she forgave him. Somehow his look of utter dejection drove all the pleasure from her prospective victory.

"Jack," she said, "I'm sorry."

He laughed mirthlessly as he picked up the bag. "So'm I," he muttered.

She left him at the bunker, and went on to the green. She could not possibly hole out in less than two, and so, if he reached the green in the next stroke, there was still a chance for him. She was glad. His head was just visible beyond the bunker. A lofter swung and the ball shot up over the bunker and came plumping down almost dead at the edge of the green, in line with the hole. He was peering over the top of the bank, but she knew he could not see the ball. With a gasp she leaped for an instant over the cup, and then, speeding across to where his ball lay, she sank down red of face and breathless on the grass. When he came around the corner of the bunker she flourished her club.

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Teachers' Examination.

Notice of teachers' examination to be held in Grayling, June 20 and 21 at the court house. The questions will be along the following lines:

Reading—"Speech on Conciliation of American Colonies."—Burke.

Arithmetic—Percentage with its various applications; mensuration, surfaces, solids, square root, cube root; mental analysis; commercial forms.

Grammar—Nouns and their inflections; adverbs, comparison, and all forms and uses; verbs and all their modifications; sentence study, syntax and analysis; infinitives, participles, gerunds.

Geography—Mathematical geography, circles, zones, latitude, longitude causes of seasons, day and night etc. Physical features—mountains, plains, plateaus, divides, Europe, divisions, physiography, resources, transportation, city commerce, education, forms of government, mining.

Civil Government—United States constitution, powers of congress, consular service, ambassadors.

United States History—A study of the Declaration of Independence and its effects, a study of the Constitution, a study of the Monroe Doctrine and its effects, the establishment of banks, and the subsequent history of banking, legislation since the civil war, features of present progress, Michigan history.

J. E. BRADLEY, County Commissioner.

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